

From the Author

THE
WATCH,
AN ODE,

Suggested to the Author by a late *Present* of a *superb Watch*
from the King of *France* to his Majesty of *Great-Britain*.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

The Rt. Hon. the EARL of M---F---D.

Revised by the AUTHOR, and re-published, together with 25 additional Stanzas.



TO WHICH IS ADDED,

The Genius of *America* to Gen. Carleton,
AN ODE.

—Timeo Danaos et Dona ferentes.

France sends a *Present*; *England* smiles and listens;
Remember, Sire, "All is not Gold that glistens."

THE SECOND EDITION,

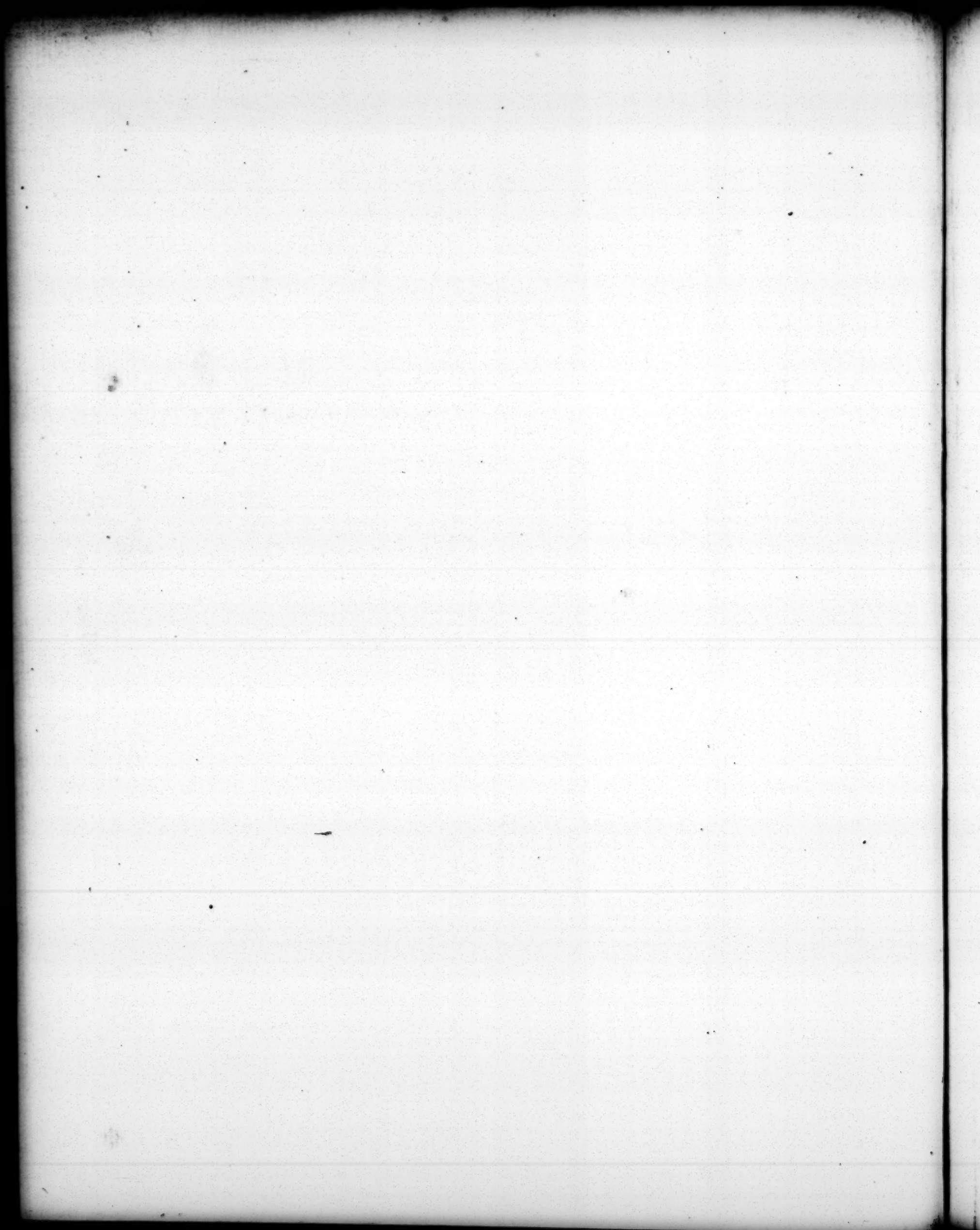
LONDON,

Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.

1778.

[Price Two Shillings.]

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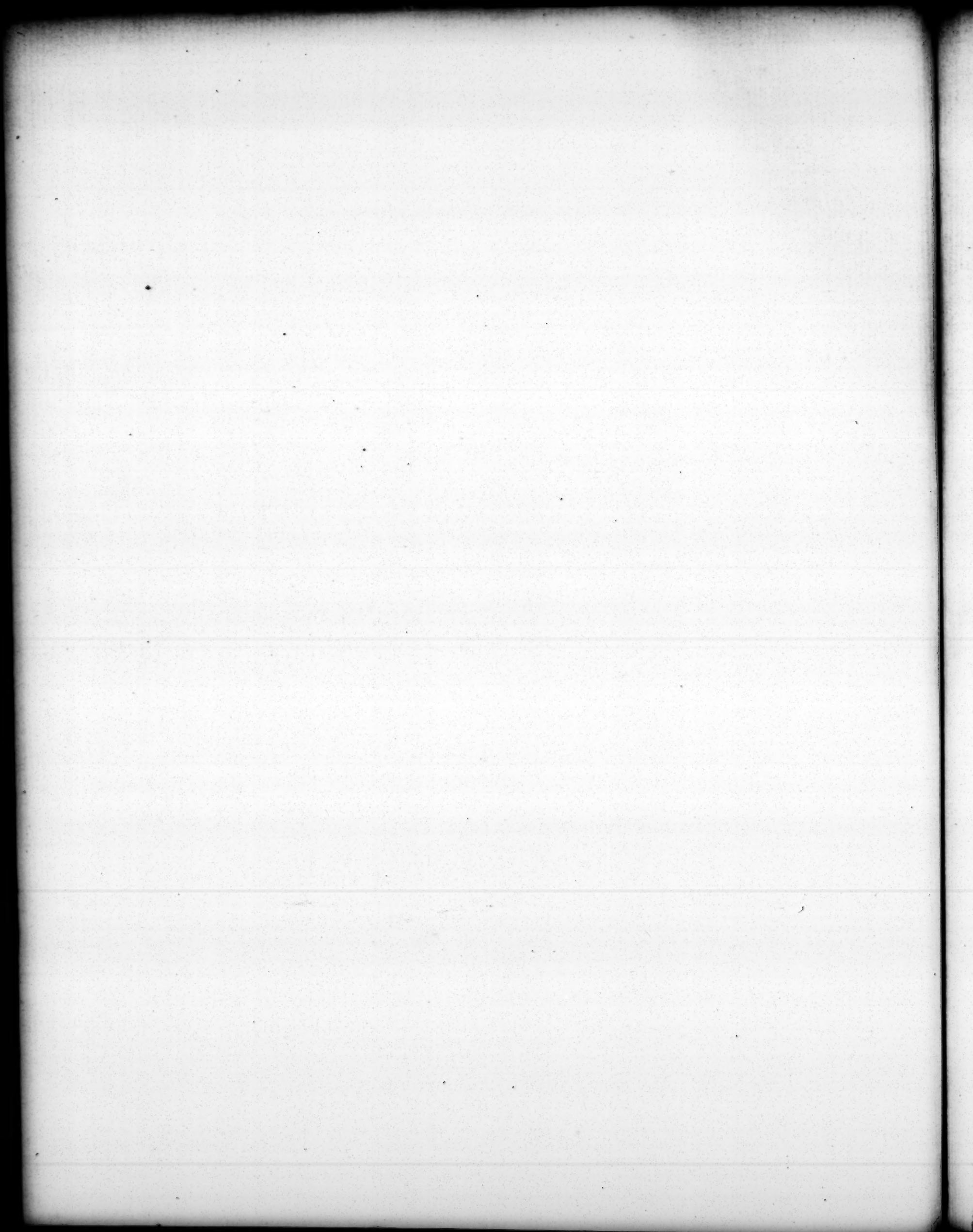


ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Author* thinks himself much honoured by the Judgment of the *Critical Reviewers* *. Their just Observation, “*that the Poet had not, perhaps, made the most of his Idea,*” suggested to him the Thought of adding *twenty-five entire new Movements* to his *Watch*.—He hopes he has not made his *Bawble* too large for the *Pocket*, or too complex for the *Purpose* of *Amusement*. The *Reviewers* have already prophesied, that, with all its *first Imperfections*, it would turn out to be a *Repeater*. With such *Encouragement* the *Editor* flatters himself now that he shall hear his *Readers* say :

—————*Decies repetita placebit.*

* *Critical Review* for February, 1778, calls *The WATCH* a *lively Ode*—
“*Though the Poet has not, perhaps, made the most of the Idea, the Ode has much Merit, and contains some Strokes of true Wit—We have little Doubt that our Poet’s Watch will go, and turn out to be a Repeater.*”



THE
WATCH
AND
ODE.

IF low-born, base *Plebeians* send
A *Present* to an *honest Friend*,

It is what it *imports* :

A *Token*, just to shew their *Love* ;
For *simple Friendship's* far above
The *Fallacy* of *Courts*.

B

The

The Thing's not *curious*, rich, or rare,
 Perhaps; but yet its Meaning's *fair*:
 No *Satire* too refin'd,
 No *Hints*, in *emblematic* Sneer,
 Like *half-fac'd* Compliments appear—
 .H Small People *spea*k their *Mind*. W

There was a Time, when *Gallia* dar'd
 As well take *Lions* by the Beard,
 As send an *English* King
 Gifts of *ambiguous* Construction—
 Our *Neds* and *Hals** then grinn'd *Destruction*;
 No *Honey* heal'd the *Sting*.

When *Kings* to *War* in *Person* went,
 Her *Tennis-Balls* † rude *Gallia* sent;
 In our *politer* Days.

* i. e. Our old K. *Edwards* and *Harrys*, severely felt by *France*.—
 They were not *polite enough* to brook an *Insult*, however *palliated*.

† To Henry the Vth, who gave them *Rackets* to their *Balls*, and, as
Shakespear says, struck the *French King's Crown* into the *Hazard*.

The *Sneer* of an *insulting Court*
 (For *Sneering* is the *Frenchman's Fort*)
 A curious *Watch* conveys.

The *State-Decyph'rer* shou'd be call'd;
 This *Gift* in *Mystry* seems inthrall'd;
 Of *Treachery* prolific:

To me, this *courtly Present* seems
 (Abstracted from *poetic Dreams*)
 A downright *Hieroglyphic*.

Till *Willes** appears, I'll try *my Skill*;
 I have an Heart and much good Will
 T'unravel *Fraud*, or *Treason*;
 To *Int'rest*, *Place*, and *Pension*, blind,
 Freely I'll open all my Mind
 Both in and out of Season.

* The *State-Decyph'rer*.

Then

Then (to declare the *Truth*) I think

This wond'rous *Watch* the very *Pink*

Of *Gallic Art* and *Cunning*;

The *Council* at *Versailles* can see

(Thus far both *Price** and *They* agree)

John Bull † to *Ruin* running.

This *Gimcrack's* in *perpetual Motion*;

Like *Us*, at ev'ry *Knave's* *Devotion*;

A most *obsequious Thing*;

Thus at *one Point* few *Patriots* stand,

Uninfluenc'd by tamp'ring *Hand*

Of *Minister* and *K--g*.

There's *Magic* in the *Hand* of *Kings*;

The *Patriot's*, like their *Watch's Springs*,

Their *golden Key* apply'd,

* The justly-celebrated Author of the *Essay on Liberty*; founded on the Principles of the immortal *Locke*.

† See *Swift's History of John Bull*; under whose blunt and honest Personage *poor Old England* is represented by that keen Satirist.

Can easily depress, or raise—

We saw *Bath's** *patriotic Blaze*

At *George's Touch subside.*

This Type of Senates Kings can set

Backwards, or forwards, or forget;

(As They too often do

Their Friends†, their *Word*—their *Oath*‡ some-
times)—

Yet, wound again, it goes, strikes, chimes,

A *Vassal* ever true.

Unless they could *subservient* prove,

Whilst *undissolv'd* their Powers move,

No *Kings* wou'd e'er be troubled

* The late Earl of *Bath*, whose Memory, if he had died the same *Pulteney* he once lived, had been immortal—but, alas! an empty Title, and a *Ribbon*, beatified the *Commoner*, and annihilated the *Patriot*.

† This was K. *Charles the Second's* Maxim: Gain over your *Enemies*, your *Friends* are yours already.

‡ The Case of *James the Second*.

With *Watch*, or *Parliament*—They fly
 For *Need* to both—That can supply
Some Ends, and *This* be *bubbled**.

Of *passive Members* all compact,
 When G----- wou'd wish to make it *act*,
 Let him but treat it like
 His *Lower House*—When *Need* demands,
 His *Pressure* all its Pow'rs commands;
One Touch will make it *strike*.

By *weakest Hands* with Ease 'tis wound;
 Emits, when *press'd*, a *silver Sound*;
 In *Tone* so very sweet,
 That, when its pleasing *Chimes* are rung,
 They charm like *Norton's honey'd Tongue*.
 When *Extra-Thousands* greet.

* As it was by *Charles the Second*, who asked and had—eternally.

T H E W A T C H .

11

Hark!---how they ring!---Sweet *Chimes**!---anon

They ring their Peal *again*, upon

The *gentlest Requisition* :

With *Tunes* like *these*, tho' *Kings* are *pleas'd*,

Ears less *refin'd* are rather *teiz'd*---

They hate *such Repetition*.

To *France* in *Arms* we scorn to yield ;

But now *She* drives us from the Field.

With *mythologic Sense* :

These *mystic Satires* may do good,

When once their *Meaning's* understood ;

True Lessons Foes dispense.

Thus *British Kings* by *cap'ring France*

Are taught to *press* for an Advance

Of *Sums* to *throw away* ;

* The sweet Sound of *Aye*, that *luscious Monosyllable*, upon the passing of a *Money-Bill* in an *English House of Commons*, must certainly be as pleasing to a *Royal Ear* as the most harmonious *Chimes* of a *French Repeater*.

And

And thus *tame Britons*, who once stood
On *Charters* purchas'd with their *Blood*,
Like *mere Machines* obey.

The *Nation's Debt*, which yearly grows,
Whilst We mistake our *Friends* for *Foes*,
Is running upon *Wheels*;
And *Charters* broken and despis'd
Shew *Us* how *Right Divine* has priz'd
The *Faith* of *Royal Seals*.

The sparkling *Chain*, with *Brilliants* set,
Marks *English Pride*, immers'd in *Debt*,
And tells *Us* we are *Slaves*;
The *Swivels* hint, by turning round,
The *Versatility* that's found
In *temporizing Knaves*.

Numberless *Trinkets* this *fine Thing*
Exhibits, fit to please a *King*,
And lull the *Cares of State*:

But *some*, with Judgment, we'll *pass by*,
Like *Cyphers of Majority*,
Tack'd on to make up *Weight*.

This Toy, inspir'd with secret Pow'rs,
Declares the *Minutes, Seconds, Hours*;
A sparkling *Hand* points *each*:
Scarce in an *Hour One Million's** reckon'd,
Reduc'd with Ease in *half a Second*;
Sad Truths French Play-Things teach.

Upon a solid *Gem* secure
It *moves*, and will for *aye* endure;
Pinchy himself has said it:
O! for a *Lowndes*†, with plodding Mind,
On some firm *Base*, as well design'd,
To settle *Public Credit*.

* A Revenue for a *Grand Mogul*.

† The great *Financier*, called *Ways and Means Lowndes*, of famous Memory.

Whether the *inside Work* be true,
 What matters it to *me*, or *you*,
 Who gaze upon its *Face* :
 The *Hearts* of *Kings* we seldom see,
 Those *secret Springs* of *Majesty*,
 Hid in a *splendid Case*.

With *outward Show* content we'll rest ;
 The *least* we see of *Kings* is *best* ;
 Fair Front Respect ensures :
 Into *majestic Hearts* to look
 Is only fit for *Bolingbroke**,
 And such shrewd *Connoisseurs*.

Were *Truth* laid *bare* to *vulgar Eyes*,
Kings then wou'd seem of *pigmy Size*,
 Not *Prodigies* *divine* :

* The late great Lord *Bolingbroke*, who says, "That no *Hearts* deserve so much to be *pried into* as the *Hearts* of *Princes*—Let not *Princes* flatter themselves," (says that great Statesman)—"They will be examined *closely*, as well in *private* as *public* Life, and those who cannot pierce further will judge by the *Appearances* they give in *both*."

The *less* we know, we praise the more;
As *Bigots* rotten *Saints* adore,
Hid in a precious Shrine.

Since horologic Artists reap
Profit and Praise, when *Watches* keep
Due Time, and rightly go:
On this Hint *Monarchs* shou'd improve,
And let no *Wheel of Empire* move
Too fast, nor yet too slow.

Best it should run, or creep, or stand,
Neither Machine must trust the Hand
Of ev'ry Innovator:
Judicious Means ensure the End;
Watch-Craft, and *King-Craft**, much depend
On a good Regulator†.

* That execrable Pedant James the 1st used to talk very wisely about *King-Craft*; but he was neither Master of a good Regulator, nor of the Art of Regulating; though he was most certainly another Solomon, and the Son of David, as his Brother of France truly said of him.

† For this Assertion the Author has the best Authority—that of his Friend Pinchy himself, who is a great Connoisseur, as well in political as horological Machinery.

Beneath the curious *Key*, 'tis clear,
France palliates the politest *Sneer*;
M---f---d is my *Law-Bible*;
This Key a *Pistol* represents
Brilliantly cock'd—Thus *Louis* vents
 A *Challenge*, and a *Libel*.

To warrant *this Insinuation*,
 The greatest *Lawyer* in the Nation
 Has given *his Opinion*
 In *Orwell's Case*—a *Case in Point**—
France wou'd not have one Bone in *Joint*,
 If *Hal* † now bore *Dominion*.

'Tis said this *Bawble* does not lack
 An automatic *Almanac*,
 Numb'ring each Day that flies:

* Mr. *Thicknesse* sent Lord *Orwell* a wooden Gun. This *Hieroglyphic* was deemed to be both a *constructive Challenge* and a *Libel*. If the Maxim be true, that "where there is the same Reason, there is the same Law," a *Lilliputian Pistol*, though set with *Brilliant*s, is an equal *Insult*, and may provoke a *Breach of the Peace*.

† K. *Henry V.*

This Thought deserves a *Nation's* Praise ;
For *Kings*, once taught to count their *Days*,
Must grow extremely wise.

Such Watches are the *Mind's* Physicians,
Prescribing wholesome *Admonitions*,
Which are no *Acts of Treason* :
Thus warn'd, *Kings* must be good and great,
Who, in each *Exigence of State*,
Mark *Time* as well as *Reason*.

Let 'em remember, every Eye
Into their *Loss of Time* will pry ;
And *He's* a *Laughing-Stock*
Who loves on *Right-Divine* to dwell,
Yet, if he's ask'd, can hardly tell
His *Kingdom* what's o'Clock.

From Hours *ill-spent*, in *twenty-four*,
(By far, I fear, the larger Score,)
Consulting *Time's* Explainers,

E

Wou'd

Wou'd *Princes* but with *Truth* substract
Those few in which they *think*, or *act*,
With *Wisdom*,—they'd be *Gainers*.

Arm'd thus against *Procrastination*,
The *Ruin* of a *State* and *Nation*,
No *Prince*, for *Spleen*, or *Pleasure*,
Will slip the *Time* of making *Peace*,
Unless his *Appetites* increase
For wasting *Blood* and *Treasure*.

If *so*, of *Magnanimity*,
Sense, *Piety*, or *Clemency*,
He hasn't one *Jot* to brag on:
The *pendent Trinket's* apt *Device*
Declares his *Likeness* in a *Trice*—
A *Demon*, or a *Dragon*.

With *mythologic Banter* fraught,
'Twould puzzle *Friar Bacon's* *Thought*
Such Riddles to reveal:

Our *Foes* in *mystic Emblems* sheath
Sarcastic Poniards well beneath
 The *multiplying Wheel*.

Of *Grievances* and *Taxes* too,
 In Spite of what *Sam's** Pen can do,
 An heavy Load we feel;
G-rm--ne, quite cool at *Minden*, burns
 With *Patriot-Fire*, and *M---f---d* turns
 The *multiplying Wheel*.

Carleton's recall'd, and *Haldimand*
 Is now the *Saviour* of the Land;
B-rg-yne his Skill has try'd;
 The *H-w-s* are *frozen*--*England's* fleec'd,
 Her *Forces*, *Trade*, and *Coin*, decreas'd,
 Whilst *Debts* are *multiply'd*.

* Dr. Sam. Johnson.

His

His yearly Million G----- demands ;

His faithful Commons tax our Lands,

And all Things that will bear it :

G----- wants some Hundred Thousands still ;

E'en let the Sum be what it will,

G----- asks, and Placemen spare it.

This Ask and Have We little like—

The gen'rous Steed, when Farriers strike

Too often, bleeds in Fear :

'Tis injudicious thus to call

For vital Blood both Spring and Fall ;

Tax Life but once a Year.

Thus are our Burthens multiply'd,

Thus Treasure's squander'd, and supply'd,

Whilst N-rt-n's Caution's* flighted :

* To spend it wisely.—This was like an *English Speaker*—It was pronounced with the *feeling Spirit* of the late respectable old *Arthur Onslow*—The *Stroke* was like the *Shock* of *Electricity*; and the *spirited Rebuke* was *Wormwood*.—"Let him chew upon it," as *Hamlet* says of his *Uncle-King* in the *Play*.

France,

France, who by *England* once was *rul'd*,
Shews, now she sees *Old England* *fool'd*,
How much she is *delighted*.

With *cordial Friendship* now she burns,
Makes *Presents*, and expects *Returns*
Of *Confidence*, no Doubt :
M---f---d has been to *France* to catch
Intelligence, brings Home a *Watch* ;
His *Lordship's* sadly out.

Where *selfish Principles* prevail,
Negotiations ever fail,
And *Blunders* never cease :
This *Politician* wou'd do right
Across th' *Atlantic* to take Flight,
And bring Us Home a *Peace*.

Instead of *that*, to jeer our *Blindness*,
He brings a Token of *French Kindness* ;—
To make the *Jest* complete,

On *Gallic Faith* We all rely,
 Seal'd with a *Toy*, which G----- might buy
 As cheap in *Cockspur-Street**.

This Toy our *Senate* understands
 Was made in *France* by *British Hands*†,
 And *courteously* sent o'er;
 But coming from a *Briton-born*‡,
 Like a *fair Speech*||, it merits *Scorn*,
 And wounds *John Bull* the more.

* At *Pinchby's*.

† Declared by *France* to be the Work of an *English Artificer*.

‡ This *Watch-Maker* (like some *Speech-Makers*) glories too, as I suppose, in being *born a Briton*.—But I think my Friend *Pinchby* never will allow that a *Watch-Maker*, a *Briton born*, yet exercising his *Craft* under *French Influence*, can equal the *ingenious patriotic Artists* of *Cockspur-Street*, who have a *British Mæcenas* at their *Head*——

“*Quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni,*

“*Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.*”

Perhaps an *English Wag* might say:

Minerva ¶ taught him *her own Arts* to put on;

Range *Armies*, make *Orations*, or—a *Button*.

|| Such *fair Speeches* as *Hotspur* says *K. Henry* amused *him* with, viz.

“*Gentle Harry Percy, and sweet Cousin!*

“*O! the Devil take such Coxcombs!*” V. SHAKESP.

¶ *Minerva* herself, the Goddess of *Wisdom* and *War*, was a *Weaver*, a *Spinner*, &c.—She frequently assisted her Heroes in *Speech-making*; *Ulysses* in particular, whom (as *Homer* says) one should have thought an *Idiot by his Look*; but, when he delivered one of *Minerva's* fine *Speeches*, he charmed his Audience—The Words fell from him as *soft as Snow*—This was *Royal Oratory*.—*Fine Feathers make fine Birds, my Lord*.

Watches, nay, *States* themselves, will wear :

May *Time* this *precious Trinket* spare !

Long may its *Master* live !

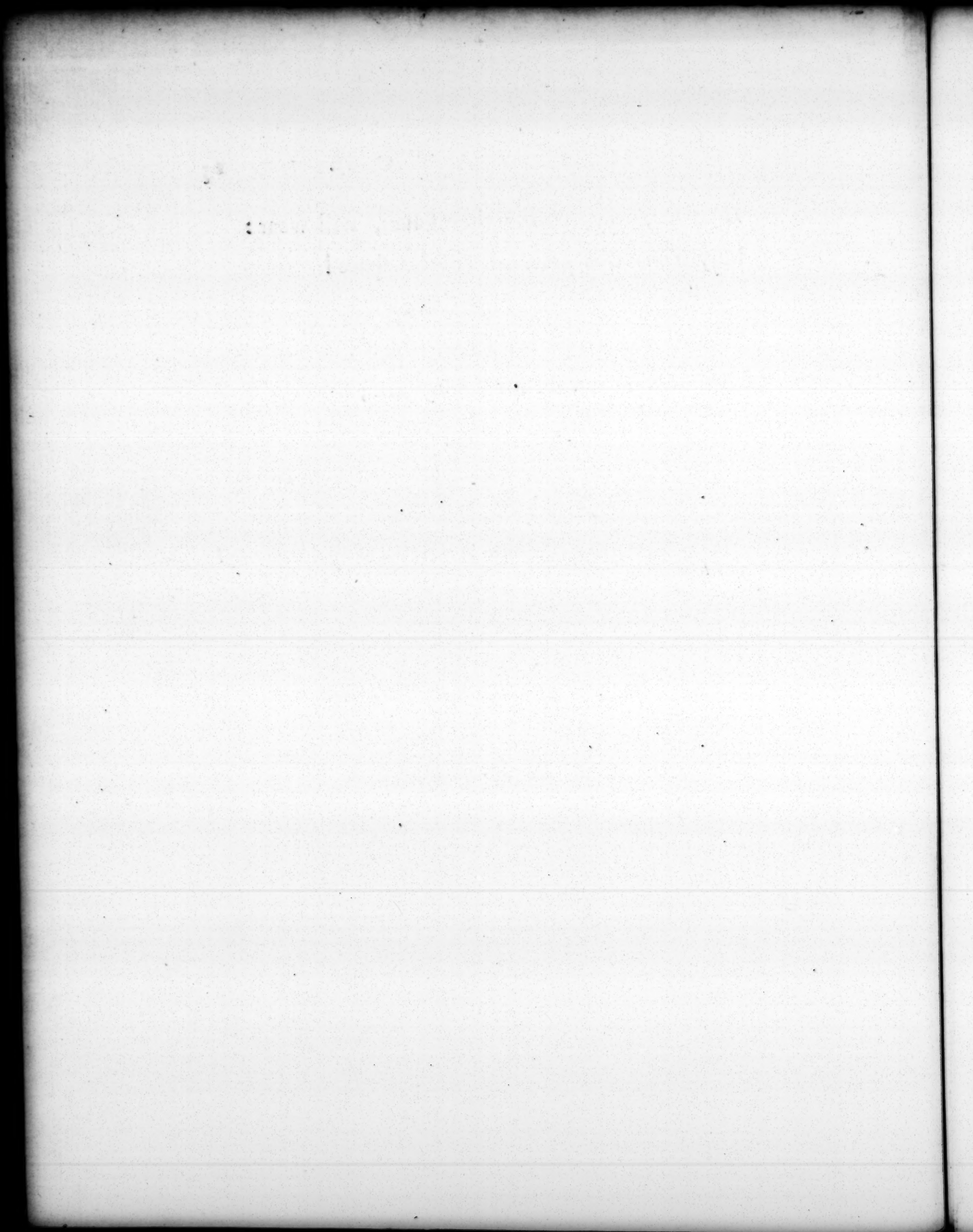
'Till *Credit* drops her *Paper-Mask* ;

'Till *Kings* in vain for *Money* ask ;

And *Fools* have *none* to give*.

* i. e. (to express the same Sentiment in *one Word* of *Prose*)—O King !
live *for ever* !





T H E
Genius of *America* to Gen. *Carleton*.

A N + O D E †.

Most respectfully dedicated to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of *Effingham*.

Revised by the *Author*, and *re-published* with additional *Notes*.

“ Do not cry “ *Havock!*” where you should but hunt
“ With *modest Warrant*.”

SHAKESP. *Coriolanus*.

SCARCE had *Carleton's* Sword atchiev'd
Spoils in *Honour's* specious Name;
Spoils, for which the *Hero* griev'd,
Who mistook the Way to *Fame*;

G

When

* N. B. Some Months ago an Ode called *Britannia* to General *Howe* was published by a *ministerial Bard*.—Here is a *Rowland* for that courtly Poet's *Oliver*.—“ *Veniam petimusque, damusque, vicissim*.”

† Written upon hearing the News of the *General's* being *recalled*.

‡ Of this Ode the *Critical Review* for February, 1778, says, “ Tho' it may not deserve the Praise of *Reason*, it will merit that of *Rhyme* and *Poetry*.”—

When *Minerva** kindly led
 From th'inglorious Field her Son:
 For by *him* the Goddesses said
Britain shou'd not be undone.

In his silent Tent repos'd
 She her pensive Warrior kept;
 Till, by *Wisdom's* Hand compos'd,
Pride, and *false Ambition*, slept.

Morpheus, who in *Shades* unfolds
 Future Story's pregnant Theme,
 Now to slumb'ring *Carleton* holds
Time's broad Mirror in a *Dream*.

Poetry."—The *Author* is truly sensible of the Honour done him by these *Gentlemen*, in their Decision on his *Rhyme* and *Poetry*; but he hopes that the *first Part* of their Sentence will be reversed, upon his *Appeal* to the best Writers on *Liberty* and *Government*—*Sidney*, *Locke*, and *Dr. Price*, form no contemptible *Tribunal*. This *Triumvirate* will be the *Author's* *dernier Resort*.—He thinks he might call upon a *Camden* and a *Chatham*, &c. &c.

* The Goddesses of *Wisdom* as well as *War*.

At

TO GENERAL CARLETON. 27

At his Beck a *Form* displays
Grace which more than *human* seem'd;
Equally-united Rays *
Round his awful Forehead beam'd :

Far surpassing *mortal Size*,
Shade of more than *Kingly Mien* ;
Anger flashing from his Eyes,
Where the mingled *Tear* was seen.

Heart-felt *Sorrow* seem'd to shake
His distracted, trembling, Frame :
“ *Son,*” he cry'd, “ *my Counsel take* ;
Virtue leads to deathless *Fame*.

“ Thus by beating *Freedom* down
Glory's meanly, basely fought :
Deeds that merit *true Renown*
Must by *Honour's* Hand be wrought.

* As an Emblem of the several States united in one Republic, of which Mode of Government Equality, as well as *Virtue*, forms the Basis.

“ Say, shall *Tyranny* assume
 Thus the *Mask* of *Public Good*?
 How can *Fame*’s chaste *Laurel* bloom
 When immers’d in *Brother’s-Blood*!

“ *Passive Slav’ry* is no *Vow*
 In our more enlight’ned *Day*:
Monarchs reign by *Contract* now,
 And by *Contract* We obey.

“ Pleas’d I saw *that Bond* renew’d
 Which brave *William*’s Pledge secur’d;
 Pleas’d returning *Faith* I view’d,
Faith by worthless *James** abjur’d.

* *James the II^d. of detestable Memory*, unless *Poets* and *Historians* have
 no true Idea of *patriotic Merit*. In *Virgil*’s List of *Patriots*, the *best* are
 configned to *immortal Honour* in this fine Line, viz.

“ *Quique sui Memores alios fecere merendo.*”

VIRG. Æn. Lib. 6.

“ Then

“ Then I taught *my Sons*, with Cause,
 How to hold *that Scepter* dear
 Which gave no *Assent* to *Laws*
 That cou’d wound a *Subject’s* Ear.

“ Plenteous then *my Country* smil’d,
 By no *foreign Troops* dismay’d:
 No *vile Arts* her Peace beguil’d;
 No *foul Stratagems* betray’d.

“ *William* reign’d—his Hand and Heart
 Impious *Tyranny* repell’d:
 Stedfast in the *Patriot’s* Part,
 He by *Love* his Empire held.

“ *Valour, Virtue*, so deplor’d,
 When shall future *Æras* bring?
 Him we honour’d and ador’d
 As a *Parent* and a *King*.

H

“ Crush’d

“ Crush’d by no *Time-serving* Band,
Then we bow’d to *just* Controul;
Bless’d our Prince, whose *soft’ring* Hand
Was as gen’rous as his *Soul*.

“ *Squadrons*, launch’d by *bloody* Men,
Brav’d not then th’ *Atlantic Flood*;
Our *undoubted Freedom* then
Firm as *England’s Charter* stood.

“ Stands it *now*?—Alas! my Son,
(O! still let me call thee *mine*!)
Think, ere *Millions* are *undone*,
That fell *Vengeance* is not *thine*.

“ Ere the *guilty Sword* devour
Lives thy *great Creator* gave,
Curb the Lust of *wanton Pow’r*;
Savages their *Kindred* save.

“ So

“ So may *Honour* bind thy Brow
 With a glorious *civic Wreath*;
 And the Praises lost by *Howe*
 In thy fairer Annals breathe.

“ *Savage Hearts* let *Priests* * display;
 Pant for *Blood*; awake the *Sword*;
 Stir up ev’ry Pow’r to *slay*,
 And renounce their *Master’s Word*.

“ Preying on the *Altar’s Spoil*,
Priests, of old, in *Blood* wou’d lave:
 Now they quit their *holy Toil*,
 And conspire to glut the *Grave*.

* See *Two Calm Addresses*, the one to *America*, the other to the *Inhabitants of England*—See also several other *Anti-Revolutional*, *Anti-Constitutional*, and *Anti-Christian*, *Hierarchic*, *Clerical*, and *Lay Addresses*—all teeming with *Principles* discountenanced by our *Saviour*, destructive to *sound Policy*, and *abjured* upon the *Flight of James the Second* (that last and worst of all the *Stuart Race*) from a *Kingdom* which he had not only *dishonoured*, but *betrayed*—and, unawed by the *Guilt of Perjury*, basely endeavoured to *enslave*.

“Curse on such *Dissemblers*! who,
Mask’d in *sanctimonious* Guise,
 To their *King* and *God* untrue,
Slaughter, Famine, Death, devise.

“Yet Heav’n shall not see *Us* crouch
 E’en to *Swarms* of *hireling* *Troops*:
 That we’re *free*, our *Swords* shall vouch;
He’s no Son of *mine* that *droops*.

“*Here* contemn’d your *Armies* roam;
 Odious *Jests* excite *Abroad*:
 Eating up the *State* at *Home*;
 Yet do *Sycophants* applaud.

“We defy your *servile* *Bands*,
 Smile at threat’ned *Slav’ry’s* Yoke:
Freedom in *Resistance** stands;
 When was *Freedom’s* *Phalanx* broke?

* Was not this Assertion verified in the Case of *Philip* and the *Low Countries*?——“It is said that *America* has *resisted*,” (said a great, and, I believe,

“ To a Scene of *rising* Glory
 Let me turn your jealous Eyes ;
 To a *Nation's* future Story :
 Now in *Time's* deep Womb it lies.

“ See yon dom'd-*Emporium* swell !
Mart of the *commercial* World :
That our future *Wealth* shall tell—
Vain are Bolts by *Tyrants* hurl'd.

“ *Calculating* Commerce there
 Views with captivated Eye
 All her bustling Sons of *Care*,
Freighted Fleets at Anchor lie.”

I believe, a good Statesman, in the House of Commons,—“ I rejoice to hear *She* has resisted”—This was Reason in the Opinion of that great Master of Reason, Eloquence, and sound Policy.—May not the Author of this little Piece appeal, then, with Confidence, from the whole Tribunal of Reviewers, to the single Judgment of a Pitt?—It is not enough for the Author that his Ode deserves the Praise of Rhyme and Poetry, but not of Reason.—If this be really his Case, as a Parodist on Mr. Pope, he will exclaim :

“ Perish the Verse ! how smooth soe'er it flow,
 “ That tends to make one Man of Sense my Foe.”

I

“ In

" In full Harbours they display
Nations' Colours to the Wind;
Plenty from all Climes convey,
Once to *British* Ports consign'd.

" See yon *Ammiral's* proud *Fleet*,
Dashing the presumptuous Wave;
Scorning *Britain's* Flag to greet,
Potent to invade, or save.

" *There*, on *solid* *Base* elate,
Such as once drew *Rome's* Applause,
Stands our *Capitol* of State;
Fountain of the purest *Laws*.

" *Where* wise *Senators* agree;
Fathers of the *Public* Weal;
Who, from *sordid* *Motives* free,
Only for their *Country* feel.

" Yonder

" Yonder Plain *prophetic* shines
 With an *Army* all *our* own;
 Troops which *Zeal*, not *Gold*, combines;
 Troops of *Citizens* alone.

" Such as *these* once *Britain* saw,
 Till *Corruption*, in worse *Times*,
 Standing Force oppos'd to *Law*,
 Whilst *Fear** wink'd at *Faction's* Crimes.

" *Fear*, thou *Deity* of *Slaves*!
 Ne'er let *Us* thy *Scourge* adore,
 Whilst th' *Atlantic* *Billow* laves
 This too long *insulted* *Shore*.

* The *Fear* of loyal *Subjects* presumptuously awed by the *standing Army* of ministerial *Faction*.—The late *Paul Whitehead*, in his nervous *Satire* called *Manners*, says:

" A *standing Army* is a *standing Jest*." —

The old *Way* of reasoning (perhaps a *just one*) upon this Point was this: Is an enormous *hireling* *standing Army* (the *Tool* of *Tyrants*), maintained at an immense *Expence*, to prevent foreign *Invasions*? We are an *Island*, and have powerful *Fleets*, its proper and *natural Defence*.—Is it to intimidate loyal *Subjects*? Those *Subjects* have a *Heart*, which should be gained, and a *Constitution*, which should not be broken or infringed.—They have *Hands* and *Hearts* to defend themselves.

“ No—let *Britain's* Sons declare
 Slav'ry is their *Mother's* Doom:
Mine shall shew what *Britons* were,
 When they foil'd *invading Rome*;

“ When they taught a *Cæsar's* Pride,
 Arm'd with *Terrors*, to *relax*;
Nor, *Colossus-like*, bestride
 Worlds that spurn'd *Ambition's Tax*.

“ Mark me, *Stranger*, mark me well;
 When *thy Sword* is drunk with *Gore*,
Tho' its Sweep cou'd *Myriads* fell,
 Virtue still wou'd furnish *more*.

“ *Virtue*, check'd by *War's* rash Stroke,
 Like her *Laurels*, prun'd, will shoot;
Just Resistance, like *Jove's Oak*,
 Strikes, in *Storms*, a deeper Root.

“ *Virtue*,

“ *Virtue, with two firm Allies,
Truth, and Heaven, on her Side,
Once taught Belgia to despise
Tyrant-Counsels form’d on Pride :*

“ Taught her not to yield with Shame,
Like a trembling, abject *Slave* ;
But, when *Philip* * urg’d his Claim,
Sword in Hand to meet the *Grave*.

* That detestable *Tyrant Philip the Ild.* of Spain.—He intermarried with *Mary*, Queen of England, as great and as bloody a *Tyrant* as himself.—What a Blessing was it to *this Country*, that *these infernal Monsters* left no Breed!—*Philip*, and his tyrannic General, *Ferdinand*, Duke of *Alva*, reduced the Subjects of Spain in the *Low Countries* to every Misery that could arise from unconscionable Oppressions, and Cruelties of all Kinds, as well as from the Introduction of the *Spanish Inquisition*.—When *Philip*’s invincible *Armada* attempted to invade *England*, a certain political Machine, called a *Rack*, was taken out of one of the defeated Ships, and is still shewn in the *Tower of London*.—Q. Why is not this useful Auxiliary of papistical Faith sent over to *Quebec*, where the Popish Religion is established (for so it clearly is) by Act of a Protestant-British-Parliament?—We are, as yet, (thank Heaven!) able to say in *Great-Britain*,

“ Non tali Auxilio, non Defensoribus istis,
“ Tempus eget.”————

K

“ These

“ These are Documents *We* hold
Dearer far than *menac'd Life* :
Whilst *Oppression* makes us bold,
Pride in vain prolongs the *Strife*.

“ When the dread, *decisive* Day
Dawns, by *frantic Despots* fought,
Fall the *Conquest* either Way,
Triumph will be *dearly bought*.

“ Tho' brute *Force* may gain *Applause* ;
Tho' *Rage* bids *the Sword* strike home ;
Wisdom bids its Vengeance *pause* :
Virtue can't be overcome.

“ Far beyond all *human Ken*,
Her Resources endless lie ;
Far beyond the Reach of *Men*,
She draws *Succours* from the *Sky*.

“ Let

“ Let *mistaken Britain* shake
O'er *my Sons* her *impious Rod*,
Despots from their *Dream* shall 'wake,
And their *Blood* enrich the Sod.

“ Then shall chearful *Plenty* spring,
Waving wide o'er *hostile Graves*;
And *Resistance** *Safety* bring—
Freemen never crouch like *Slaves*.”

* Our Poet *Shakespear* puts nearly the same Sentiment into *Hotspur's* Mouth, viz. “ Out of this Nettle *Danger* we pluck this Flower *Safety*.”

F I N I S.

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